

Boy, was My Face Red!

I had volunteered to have the women's monthly missionary meeting at my home. And I wanted everything to be perfect.

I'd set the table for lunch with my imported, open-cutwork embroidered tablecloth and used our crystal stemware and fine china. The table was beautifully topped off with a rose centerpiece and candles.

My 2-1/2-year-old son, Scott, was with us. We had a nice porch that he could play on, and I could watch him from the table. He was quiet and content, playing with his toys.

The meeting was dismissed, and we put all the food on the table. As we asked the blessing, I heard the screen door to the porch open and felt Scott tugging on my skirt, saying, "Mommy."

I put him on my lap without noticing he had something in his hands. The blessing ended, and Scott leaned over and placed a tightly squeezed little mouse in the middle of the table.

At first the women were stunned. Then after a moment, everybody scattered. I can't remember who scurried faster, the women or the mouse.

Mary Carlton Bridges

When my mother went in for cataract surgery, she was seated in a waiting area with several other patients who were scheduled for the same procedure. A nurse went to each patient and asked, "Would you like to have the doctor pray with you when you go in for surgery?"

My mother, who thinks that prayer is great, replied, "Yes, that would be wonderful. Thank you."

A woman sitting next to her apparently felt that once a day

was enough and when she was asked the question, said, "Oh no, dear. That's not necessary. I've already said my prayers this morning."

When the man sitting next to her heard the question, he opened his eyes wide and asked, "Is it going to be that bad?"

Katherine Johnson